

THE KAW VALLEY DELUGE

With Poems.



Looking North From the Mellen Bridge Topeka

While the Waters Speak as They Flow
Direct—Loath to Speak What They Know;
But Through Prose, a Picture, a Verse
These Waters Now Freely Converse.

Dedicated to the Flood Sufferers

BY

KATHERINE ELIZABETH GRAVES

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Looking North From the Melan Bridge. Topeka.

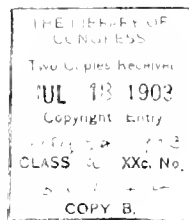
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The Great Kansas Flood.



THE great flood of 1903 that swept the paradise of Kansas was the greatest and most destructive in the history of the state. No pen can fittingly portray the wreck, the ruin, the awful desolation that marks its pathway from where its waters rose to the gateway of the state on the East. No imagination, however vivid, can picture the scene. For several days preceeding the mad rush of waters tornadoes and hail storms passed over Salina in quick succession doing more or less damage. On the 20th of May two small tornadoes passed over the South-west part of the county, uprooting trees and destroying houses, barns and sheds. The next day another tornado passed over the South part of the county, mowing a path on each side of the river and falling with special force on the little village of Assaria. Several persons were injured and some lives were lost. Much property was destroyed and several bridges swept away. On the 22nd the most destructive hail in the history of Saline county fell; some of the stones weighing ten and twelve ounces. Heavy wind followed. Houses were blown down and from their foundations and otherwise injured. Crops were badly damaged. The same night Brookville was visited by a tornado followed by rain. Heavy rains now became a daily occurrence.

SALINA.

On the 25th of May heavy rains fell at Salina and vicinity. The sewers were unable to carry off the water. The streets were flooded and cellars filled with water. May 26 the waters of Dry Creek and Mulberry Creek were out of their banks and, meeting, flooded farms in their pathway. Soon they reached Salina and covered the North and West parts of the city. The people were rescued in boats. On the 27th water continued to rise and flooded all the land for four miles West of Salina. The Smoky began to rise toward evening. The waters reached their highest the night of the 28th, when a 7-foot wall of water came rolling down Dry Creek. The fire alarm was turned in and boats were sent to rescue the people. From the 22nd to the 29th, inclusive, 12.4 inches of rain fell and all Salina was under water. The water works plant was saved by dyking. For five days Salina had no train service, nor communication with the outer world save by a single wire to Denver. One life is reported lost in Salina, and one in the county outside. Damage to the city will probably reach \$100,000; to the country, very great, indeed.

The following flood views of Salina will give the reader some idea of the inception of what afterward proved to be the greatest and most destructive flood in the history of the state.

ABILENE.

The rains that raised the flood tide at Salina were not local; they were general and along the valley of the Kaw and in the North-west, covering the tributaries of the Smokey Hill. Abilene lay in the track of this rising, rushing tide. Mud Creed felt the force of these down pours of rain and began rapidly to rise. The Smoky was up. The waters began to back up over the farms West of Abilene. There was a very heavy rain on the 28th reaching its heaviest force between Salina and Manhattan and extending ten miles on either side of the river. Herington, Hope; Council Grove and other points suffered severely. By 3 p. m. of that day the water was three feet deep at Fourth and Broadway, in Abilene. In the Northwest and South-east parts of the city the streets were level from curb to curb and the creek coming up fifteen inches every hour. For twelve hours the creek rushed through the city, a raging torrent, half a mile wide. At the deepest point the was five to six feet. The three-story brick block at Third and Cedar collapsed. To the farmers in the waters' wake from Salina to Abilene the loss is very great.

ENTERPRISE.

Passing Abilene and gathering force from the constant rains and from the waters of the tributaries of the Smoky Hill valley the waters increased in volume and spread out over the valley East of Abilene until at Enterprise they extended from the highlands upon which the city is located to Detroit, two and a half miles to the North—a veritable lake. The fine wheat fields along the valley were completely ruined and other crops destroyed. Considerable live stock was lost, some buildings swept away and others more

or less damaged. It is hard to give even an approximate estimate of the loss, either at this point, or anywhere else along the line of the flood. Only one life is reported lost in Dickinson county, that of Sherwood Murphy, of Enterprise.

TOPEKA.

It is not our intention to write a complete history of the ravages of this flood. This may never be done. Hence we shall pass over the flooded cities and territory between Enterprise and Topeka, where, perhaps, the force of the waters was more destructive than at any other point in the entire course of the flood.

The citizens of Topeka had ample warning of the coming of the flood. They were informed of the fate of Salina, Abilene and other points. They knew that the volume of water that flooded these towns and inundated the country tributary to these cities, augmented by the rains between here and there and the waters coming from the tributaries of the Kaw, must pass through Topeka. All this they knew, but they contented themselves by saying, "O, the river can not rise high enough to reach us," and they remained quietly in their homes, making little or no preparation to meet the emergency that must come.

The reports from the West were supplemented daily by heavy rains all along the valleys of the Kaw and the Smoky Kill. On Thursday the 28th by two o'clock the river had reached the high water mark of last year and continued to rise that night and all the next day. On Friday night the rise was rapid; the waters of the Smoky Hill were now mingling with those Kaw. North Topeka was flooded. Those of the people who had not

sought safety the day before were now beyond escape, at least, without help. Those who lived in one story houses took refuge upon the house tops and in the trees. All through the early hours of Saturday their piteous cries could be heard pleading for help. Guns were fired as signals of distress. The people on the South side were powerless to give relief. Boats could not reach them in the darkness through the whirling, roaring, rushing waters. Up went the tide. Crane street was past fording on the morning of the 30th. Under the direction of committees, hastily appointed, the people of South Topeka began the building of a pontoon bridge to connect with the south approach or Melan bridge. Rope and wire cables were stretched from telephone pole to pole to the south end of the bridge and by means of these a line of ferry boats was established across Crane street where the waters had now become a rushing torrent.

Some daring and heroic men were constantly at work trying to rescue the imperilled by means of boats. Many of these boats were capsized in the raging torrents; others reached and rescued the imprisoned. Several of the rescuers lost their lives in their efforts to save the suffering. The Thomas Lumber Company lost their lumber by fire started from the slacking lime. The Gabriel lumber yard suffered also from fire. Several buildings caught fire from burning lumber drifting against them. The people were terror stricken at the sight of fire, and there was no power to quench the flames. Saturday night was cold, dark and dismal. The suffering of those on the house tops and in the trees was intense. A cold rain put out the fires, but it added to the suffering of the people. Sunday morn-

ing the North approach of the bridge gave way. A cable was stretched across the chasm and the people were carried across to the South side by means of a "breeches buoy." The river reached its highest on Saturday evening, 27 feet above low water mark.

The number of lives lost will reach nearly 100. Heroic efforts were put forth to save the flood sufferers from their peril and hundreds through great danger were taken to places of safety Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. In this work of relief a posse of 60 men with 40 boats and a train load of provisions under the leadership of Charles J. Borden, mayor of the city of St. Joseph, Mo., rendered valuable services in saving and feeding the people.

The water began to recede on Saturday evening and it was not until June 4th that the water had left the main streets of North Topeka.

The loss of property in North Topeka, to say nothing of the loss of life, is something appalling. Hundreds of residences are ruined; many have been carried down the river; business houses utterly destroyed or rendered unsafe for business; furniture in almost every house rendered worthless; valuable and costly libraries were lost; Congressman Curtis lost his valuable library, one of the finest in the state; mud from one to three feet deep in every house left standing; every stock of merchandise entirely ruined, or greatly damaged; hundreds of horses and cattle lost their lives; huge sand banks and all kinds of wreckage everywhere. It is not possible to conceive of the loss to the citizens of North Topeka and of the Kaw valley to the West, by reason of this flood. Years of toil will not efface it. Want and suffering in many instances must ensue, notwithstanding the marvelous and unexampled exhibition of sympathy and generosity upon the part of Kansans,

and of the good people beyond the limits of the state.

LAWRENCE.

But the waters that had devastated North Topeka and carried the deepest sorrow into so many homes, stopped not here; they passed on, gathering force as they went. After laying waste to many miles of as fertile valley land as can be found anywhere they hurled themselves against the "historic city" of the West and North Lawrence was made to feel their devastating power. The magnificent flouring mill owned by Congressman Bowersock was swept from its foundation and piece by piece went down the river. A channel 200 feet wide, and very deep, was cut North of the bridge and one span of the bridge was carried away as were the water wheels of the light plant. Here, also, the damage was very great.

KANSAS CITY.

On sped the waters and wider grew their expanse and more terrific their force as they neared the waters of the Missouri which, too, had overleaped their banks. Wreck and ruin mark their pathway to the mouth of the Kaw. Ruined farms and wrecked buildings on either side of the river to the gate way of the state tell of the desolating force of this flood. Five hundred houses were swept away in the Kansas City bottoms. Forty-five race horses were drowned at Harlem. In two entire wards, and parts of two others, comprising a population of 63,000 people, 23,000 were made homeless and dependent. Mud everywhere from

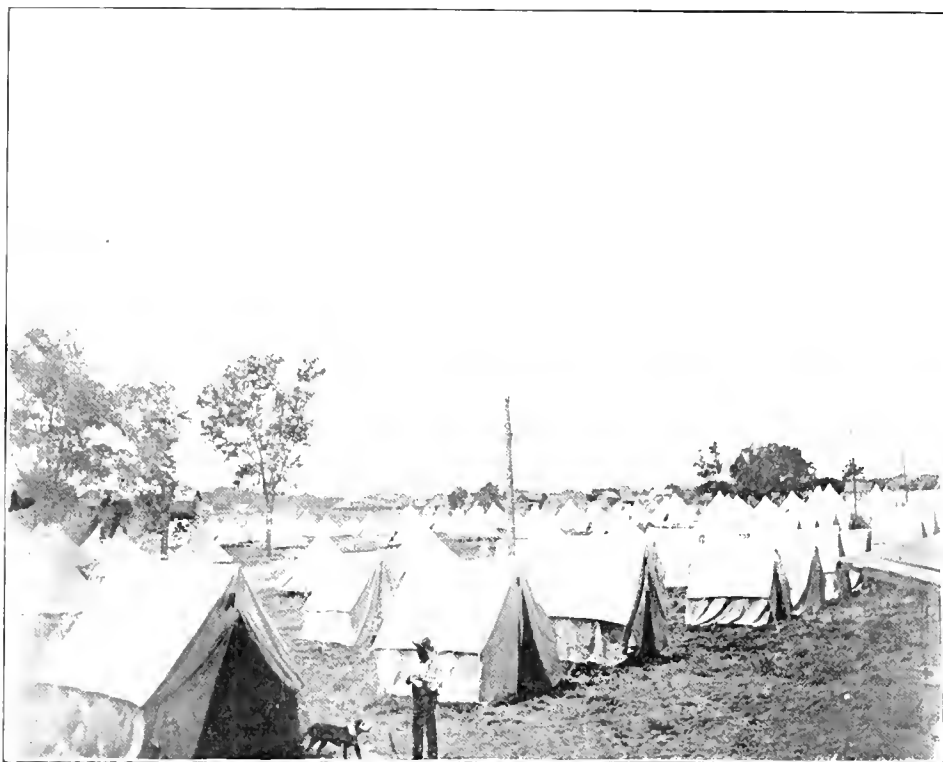
one to three feet deep. Many of the houses which are left were under from 10 to 20 feet of water. Several brick buildings on Kansas Avenue in Armourdale have collapsed since the waters receded. Mayor Gilbert, after making a trip through Armourdale district, said. "The ruin in Armourdale is much more enormous than at first supposed. It will require many months of hard labor to make that portion of the city habitable." The water in the Union depot was six feet deep. But desolation in the flooded portion of the country is as complete as it is in the cities.

Contributions for the flood sufferers have been generous, both from within and from without the state. Large as they are they have only given temporary relief. Much was to be hoped from a special session of the Kansas legislature, but partisan politics barred the way to substantial relief. The legislature could only go so far as to open the way by which the counties could rebuild their bridges which had been swept away. Thousands of people, who lost all, must to a certain extent for some time yet, depend upon the good will of a generous public which can not be muzzled by the machinations of designing politicians, or held in check by the fear and timidity of a few office holders.

Under separate heads we present the reader with flood views taken, for the most part, by our special artist which tell the story of the great flood more eloquently than tongue can tell or pen can write.

PROEM.

THERE may be some thought divine
Between these lids, here you'll find,
Caught by a brain, strange to thine.
If such it be,—bear in mind
That the field from which 'twas brought,
With others still, yes, is fraught;
But this, perhaps, strange as thought,
Leaves no kindred there uncaught.



THE FLOOD SUFFERERS TENTED CITY, TOPEKA.

A WARNING.

Some little daisies by a brook
Far towards the sun set glow,
Were leaning their heads in council
O'er the rain, the wind, the snow.

When from the windings of nature
Came a whisper soft and low;
It told them in terms most certain
"Mighty waters soon must flow!"

"To be saved! saved? Is there some way?"
They queried this whisper soft,
"Since the gates ' you say, "soon must raise
To send such waters aloft."

Again they cried, "What must we do
To escape the awful fate?"
"The chance is his who nature heeds"
Said the brook, if not too late."

They watched the clouds all night, all day,
Like armies hurrying by,
"The fight begins to the West!"
Murmured the brook in reply.

So that eve as the sun sank down
Behind a most threatening bank,
A boat came gliding up the stream
With a girl, who looked her rank.

The daisies still in council there
So quickly, then, caught her eye;
As quick saw them; quick she loved them,
So the daisies did not die!

That very night, that awful night,
See! How quick the lightnings flash!
The thunders rolled, hard, hard they rolled:
The gates then raised with a crash!

The branch, the creek, the rivulet
Far around, o'er leaped their bank;
For the rain, it fell in torrents
And the verdant vales, they sank.

Just as the day came back again
Then a fearful rush was heard.
The waters leaped, they dashed, they rolled
The sound, 't'was a funeral dirge!

Hard pushing now to reach the Kaw,
The stream with many slopes;
Her valley there, below so fair,
Held her sons most cherished hopes.

This river now asserting right
And a claim she held supreme;
"This valley," said "that you hath staked,
Sirs! I come now to redeem!"

She drew no line, all went alike;
Yes, it was a sad, sad sweep;
For every living thing she grew
She whirled—dashed into her deep!

The little towns when passed them by
Were left, like the cities dead.
For man, alike his chattels went;
Lost! Lost! Like her sleeping dead.

Into the surge, from house top, tree,
There they sank, so numb and cold;
Yes, mother let her babe go down
As a ransom for her soul!

Through the valley Kaw of Kansas
To city that bears her name,
Comes the same tale from her thousands
Precisely she served the same.

There is a voice, a soft still voice
That ever haunts the souls of men.
"The chance is his who nature heeds"
No matter the way he wends.

LAST SCHOOL DAYS.

It was hard farewell to say
When a sadness of the day
Had cast upon my heart a solemn spell;
When memory took its flight
Through the darkness, through the light,
To fields it loved to ramble in so well.

It was in the merry morn
When the hues of early dawn—
Like a rosy veil shimmering o'er the lea—
While the birds did soar and sing
And the flowers did bend and cling
To drink from brooklets running towards
the sea.

It was then I learned to stray
In those fields from day to day;
Then I often sniffed the fragrance full and
free,
Till I reached that little stream—
That appears like a dream,
My joyful heart did bound with mirth and
glee.

There I launched my tiny boat
As I watched the bubbles float
The dashing of my oars would often make,
Till the rushing of the sea
And the breezes, fresh and free
Told where the rolling billows swell and
break.

I was nearing then at last
Where the current, sweeping fast,
Bore my little bark onward toward the sea,
Where the storms would test my sails
And the stranding rocks and gales
Propound the mighty question—Who Art
Thee?

DON'T KICK A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN.

DON'T kick a man when he's down;
Though it seems he deserves the blow;
Perhaps the why, how or what,
That, my friend, you may never know.

Don't kick a man when he's down!
Father time may reverse the case;
Good it will be then to know
Past mercy has given you grace.

Don't kick a man when he's down!
There is nothing all safe in life.
Since countries fall, why not men?
Only death is sure in this strife!

Don't kick a man when he's down!
Adversity has nurtured kings;
Perchance a method of fate
To better the man by its stings.

Don't kick a man when he's down!
Dame fortune is fickle you know;
Now that you're up, is no proof
You may not slip—farther below.

Don't kick a man when he's down!
Better give him a lifting hand.
If you can not help, not cheer,
Don't kick; that's no part of a man!

FRAILITY.

MAN thinks him strong,
But in fact, how weak!
For he has not as yet
Crossed the shallow creek
To where the ocean deep
Lay unexplored.
To him her waves have not,
As yet, truly roared.

LIFE.

WHAT is life but a song—
Through which our passions play;
Scales up to thrill, to cheer,
Then falls to grief—a tear.

MEMORY.

SOFTLY, softly stealing
Through the quiet, quiet past,
My thoughts sail undaunted,;
Like a craft at sea, well masted,
Back, when life was morning,
While the sun—yet crimson young,
Began now its journey
Soothing hearts that night had wrung.

THE PAST.

THINGS gone, are gone. May we profit
by
What we've done, is better done; there
let it lie.
True it is—we call our fathers
great;
Yet they quit the stage long e'er they
reached our state.
Clutch not around for that other
day
In the past now sleeping, and too
well it may,
But let us look, still on, just
ahead,
Through the gloaming there—far—far
beyond the dead.

THE PORTER.

I AM a sleeping car porter.

I have traveled, traveled, oh gee!
These many years, yes sir, traveled
Hither and thither, don't you see.
Sir, I was down there in Frankfort,
Yes, in that old "Corn Cracker State"
Just after—yes it was Goebel,
You remember I guess—his fate.

That town was in consternation.
Nothing was all certain, or slow.
The most that would strike a fellow
Was to "take up your duds and go."
So strong was this under current
That some men gazed full—part askance.
I made best of my condition
Since I gave but a porter's chance.

Ran in on train ten that morning,
And could not go out before night.
Bet you I stuck to that sleeper
From the station just out of sight.
That eve I stood for reception
At the end of a "Jim Crow train."
The way they swooped down upon me
Seemed that others had felt the strain.

True sir, it was in that South land,
Down where the orange blossoms grow.
There I left the old, old homestead,
Now sir, many long years ago.
Since then I have lived in that city—
The gem of the lakes—so they say,
Where "A man's a man for a that,"
Yes sir, and the law has its say.

Were ever you over the Central
Hung on the Empire express?
What do you think of her movements?
I think we can beat her out West!
Say? Once out there in New Braska
We pulled off on a siding rail;
Then we looked up to see her come.
Here! there!—she's gone, that "fast mail."

They sent me down there to Texas,
'Twas during the fair, I believe,
Where they hang a sign—big letters—
"For Colored Folks," where they receive.
We pulled from Dallas one evening
With some rangers well bent on sight.

Long 'ere we got to Chicago
Our buffet was ate out—for right.

It was, "bring me this!" "bring me that!"
It went, went, yes, even the beans.
How they did eat, smoke, chew and drink!
Yes sir, they just went it like fiends.
The morning we reached the city
They were looking like "Bill's Wild West."
It was "Porter come," "Porter go."
I was here! there! judge you the rest.

Yes, I was over to Portland,
Mighty close to old Orchard Beach
The home of our greatest poet
As far as America reach.
'Round Crawford's notch in those mountains
A sight so beautiful and grand,
Gazing on nature, majestic,
You think of the weakness of man.

Was once with "Uncle George Pullman"
Whose name goes beyond the "Old Pond."
Though sleeping, quietly sleeping,
That name must forever go on.
From Boston, New York to Frisco
A special by an English son.
The train was made up of sleepers,
"Lord hab musse;" how we did run!

In fact I was out with Patti,
I know you remember her style,
For true she was working the East
In the days of the late Oscar Wilde.
When McKinley took his seat
I was one of the first to go,
And when the great noise was over
Bet you, I had something to show.

What is it to be a porter
Down to the fine points of the thing?
Is it to raise and down windows
And answer all the bells that ring?
Yes sir, yes sir, it is all that
And a many, many more thing.
First you must understand nature,
Sir, the kind that touches the string.

Then all things you must know—must
know,
From smallest to greatest in size;
Polite and very obliging,
Takes this, sir, to capture the prize.



Salina —IRON AVE. PRINCIPAL STREET. BOAT TAKING PROVISIONS TO SUFFERERS.



Salina.—WATER IN SOUTH PART OF CITY. WATER FROM TWO TO FOUR FEET DEEP.



Salina.—NORTH PART OF CITY. ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL IN DISTANCE.



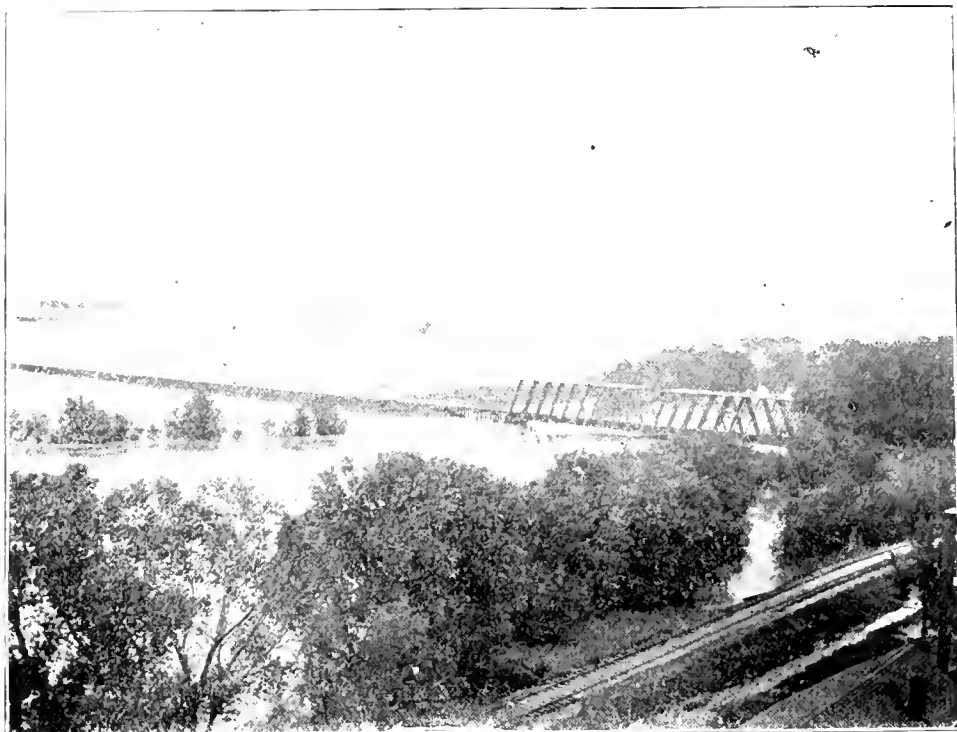
ABILENE.—WRECKED BUILDING ON CEDAR STREET.



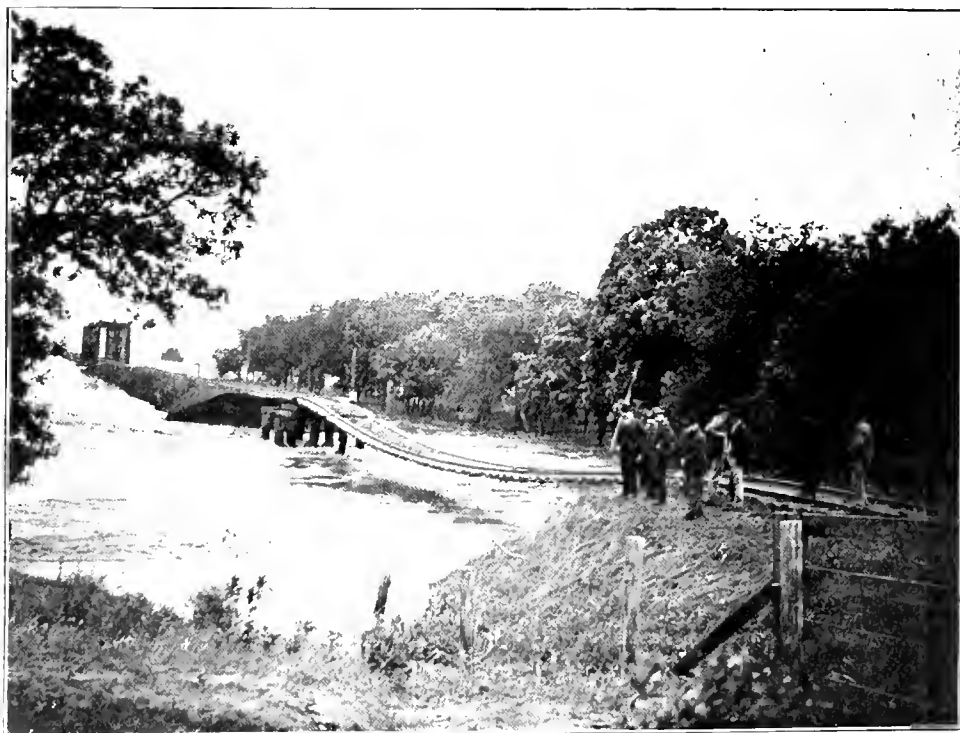
ROCK ISLAND ROAD BED EAST OF ABILENE.



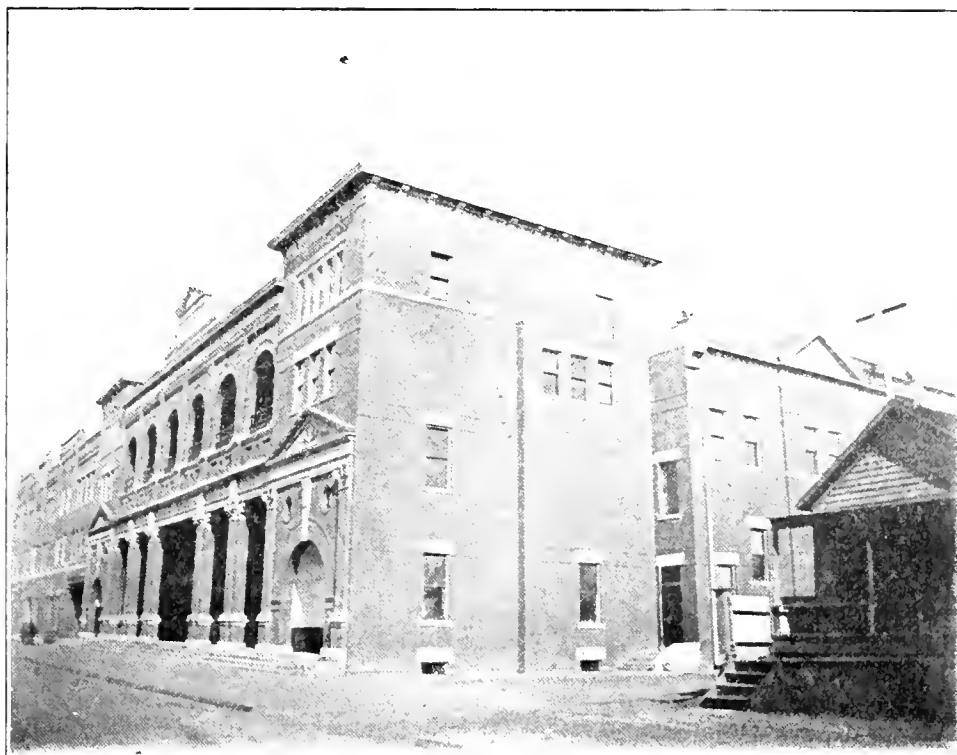
VIEW ON SANTA FE R. R. EAST OF ABILENE.



SANTA FE LOOKING NORTH-WEST FROM R. I. CROSSING. ENTERPRISE.



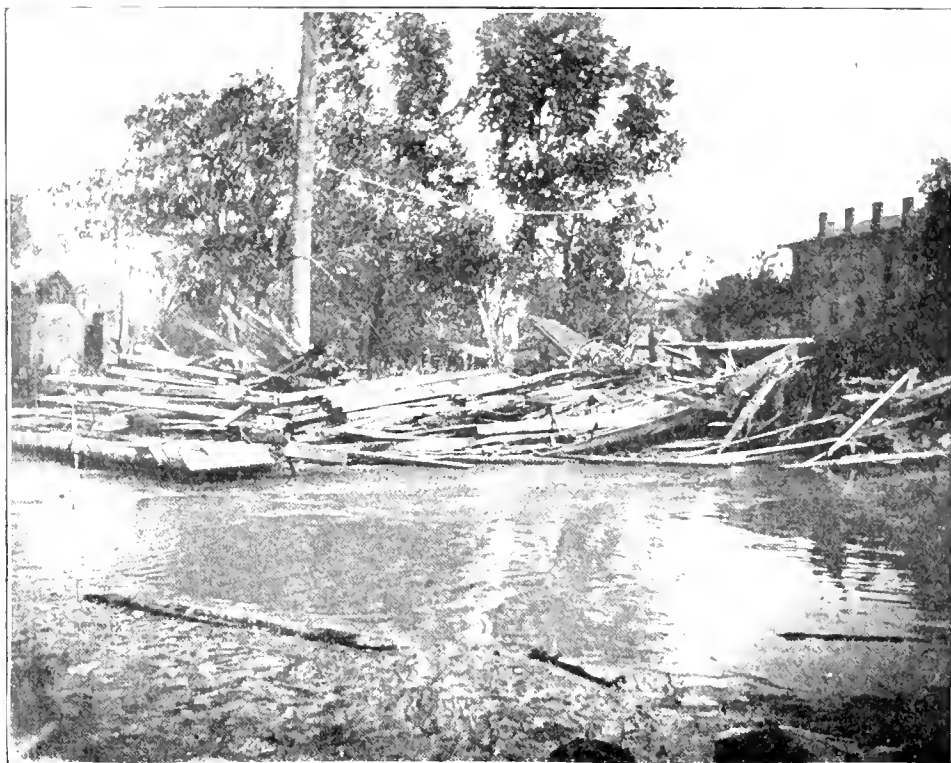
R. I. LOOKING WEST FROM DEPOT. C. HOFFMAN'S GROVE TO RIGHT. ENTERPRISE



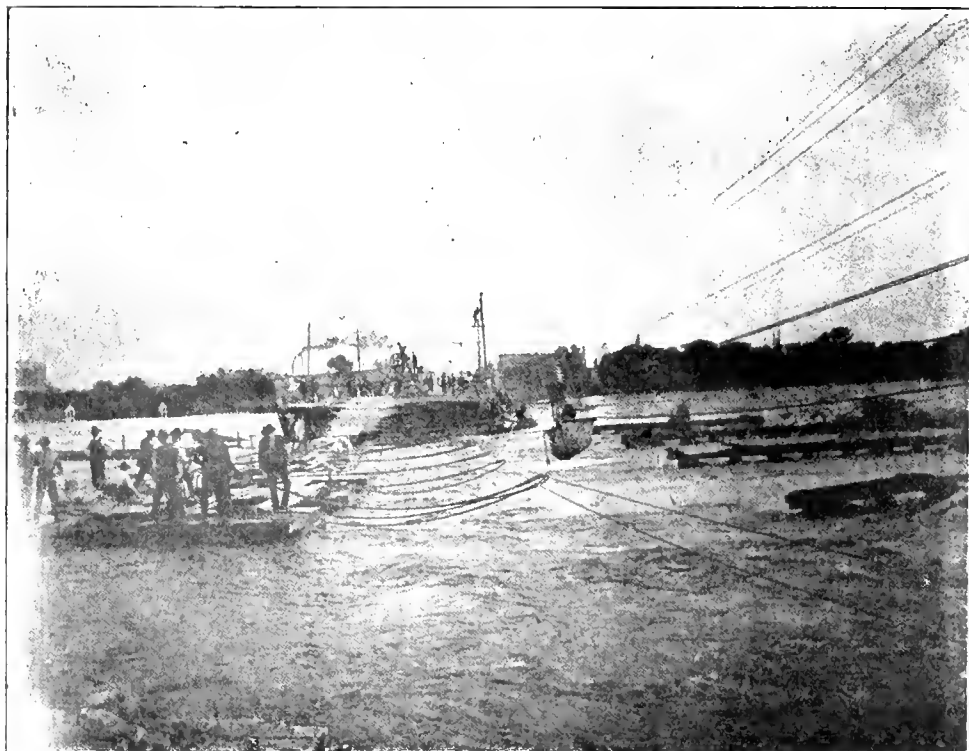
THE AUDITORIUM AT TOPEKA.



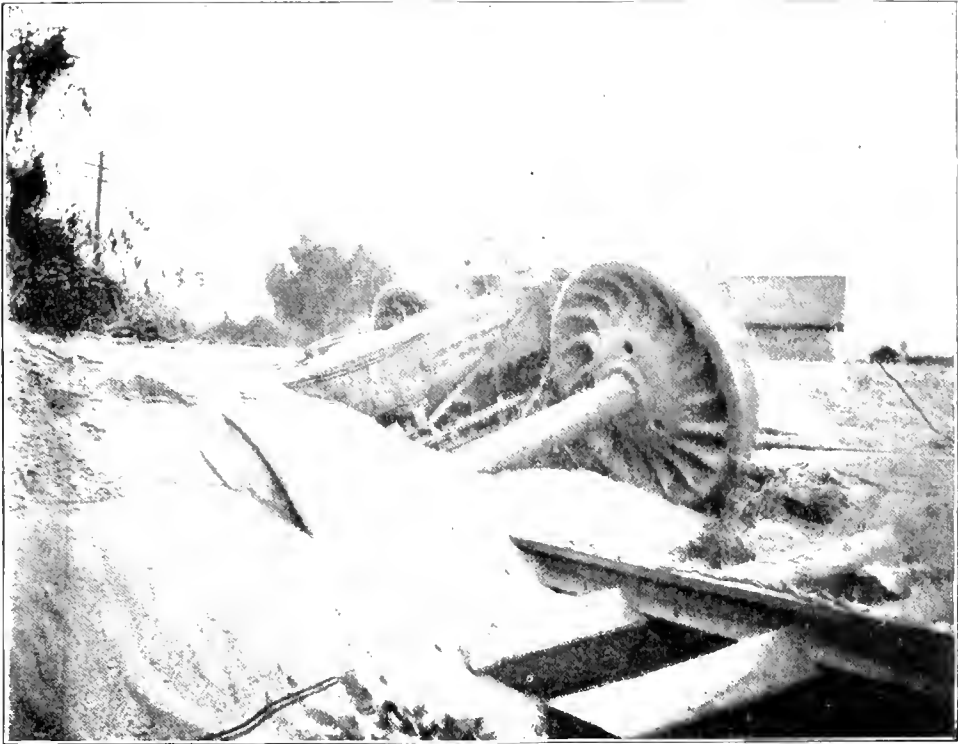
MR. ROBB'S GROCERY STORE, SIDE CARRIED AWAY. TOPEKA.



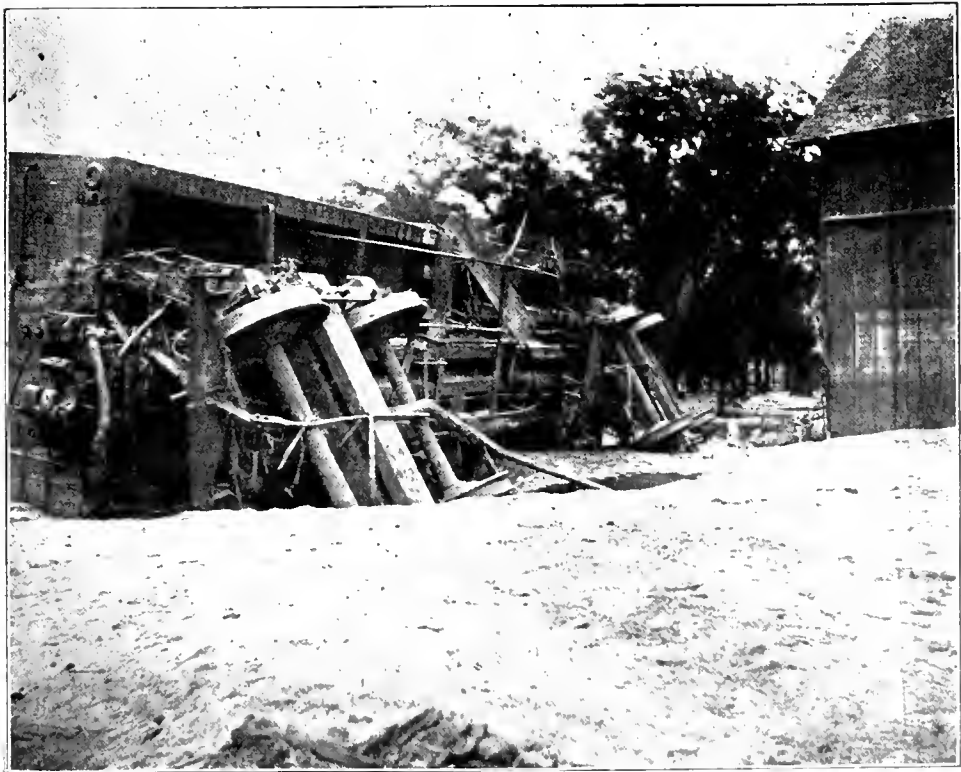
UNION PACIFIC DEPOT, NORTH TOPEKA.



NORTH APPROACH MELAN BRIDGE AND BUOY TO CARRY ACROSS TO BRIDGE. TOPEKA.



CAR TRACKS BURIED IN SAND ON THE R. I. TRACK.



R. I. FREIGHT CAR WASHED FROM TRACK. NORTH TOPEKA.



PORTER HOUSE AT CENTRAL AVE. AND GARFIELD PARK, TOPEKA.



BUILDING FLOATED FROM WESTERN AVENUE TO TYLER AND ST. JOHN, TOPEKA.



HOUSES ON JACKSON THAT BURNED TO THE WATERS EDGE, TOPEKA.



REMAINS OF THE ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY BRIDGE, TOPEKA.



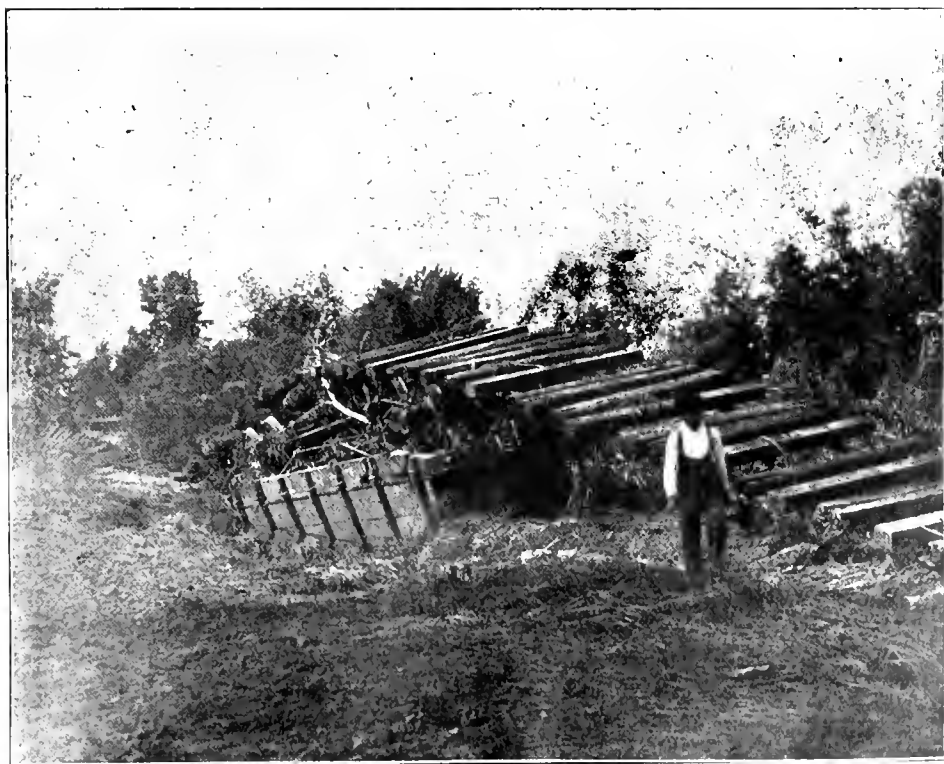
SIDE OF ROBB'S GROCERY STORE, LODGED IN FRONT OF CONGRESSMAN CURTIS' HOUSE



HOUSE NEAR SOLDIER CREEK FROM WHICH PROF. KUTZ WAS DROWNED, TOPEKA.



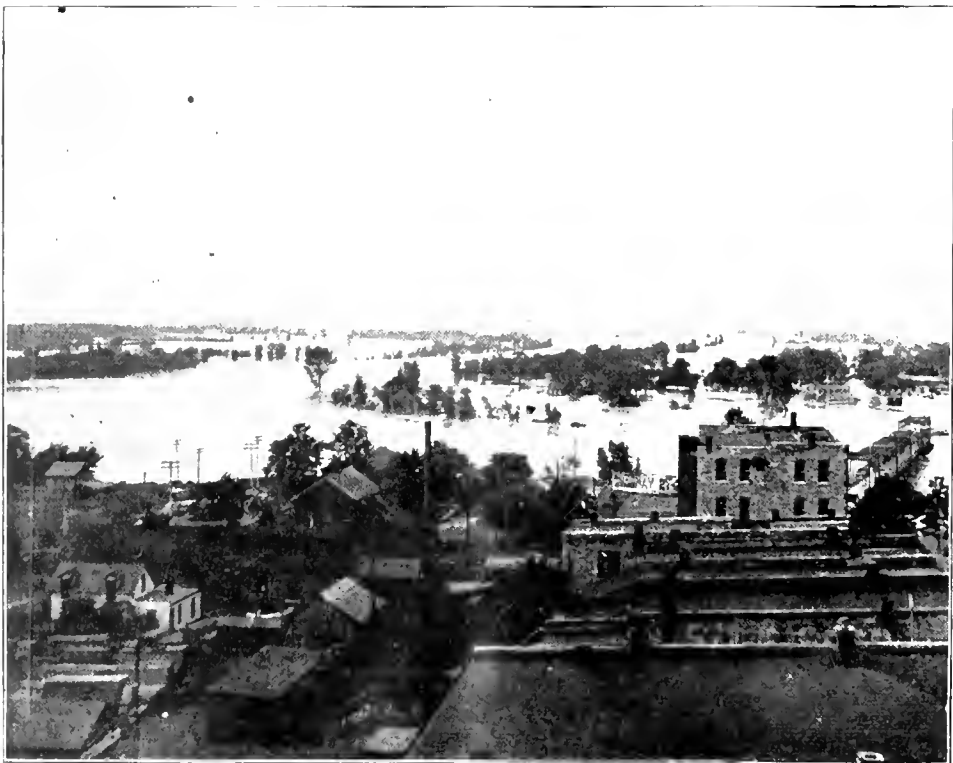
HOUSE ON HARRISON AND GARFIELD WHERE SEVEN PEOPLE WERE DROWNED; TOPEKA.



SANTA FE RAIL ROAD LOOKING WEST FROM BRIDGE. LAWRENCE.



CONDITION OF R. R. SOUTH OF WATER WORKS, LAWRENCE.



LOOKING N. W. FROM LAWRENCE WEST PART OF SOUTH LAWRENCE



WRECKED ENGINE AND TWO PULLMAN CARS AT STOCK YARDS, K. C. MO.



BUILDING CUT IN TWO BY A FREIGHT CAR IN ARMOURDALE



ON KANSAS AVENUE AND ARMOURDALE.



10TH AND KANSAS AVE. ARMOURDALE HOUSE WASHED IN FRONT OF BANK.



BARN ON HOUSE IN ARMOURDALE.



CORY AVE. NEAR CHEYENNE. TWO HOUSES WRECKED, KANSAS CITY.



MILLS AND SHAWNEE, ARMOURDALE.



CHURCH WRECKED; TWO HOUSES SETTLED WITHIN ITS WALLS. ARMOURDALE.

A TRIP WITH "UNCLE SAM."

Yes, I went to the army
Some many years ago,
Because I had a yearning
A few things more to know.
To New Orleans they sent me,
With other boys in blue
Down to that fort—old Jackson—
To learn a thing or two.
Near the camp—the jettied front—
Of that—the "father stream"
To watch the ships go and come
Would make me think and dream.
I thought of days, home and friends,
Then in the misty past,
And my vow to Uncle Sam
That held so tight and fast.

Charmed thus while in retrospect
Of Sadness and of joy,
The plainest truth then to me
Was "Life is no Decoy;"
So one day an order came
That broke this fashioned spell—
To me gave an honored rank
To see that—all went well.—

Boys in all were fifty two—
With anxious, hopeful hearts;
Some from the old state of Penn.,
But most from Dixie parts.
Sherman was about that time
On his inspection tour.
The boys were brought into toil
To make things clean pure.

They stormed the fort best they could
With broom, rag, brush and rake.
What they did was just enough
To mark the biggest "fake."
The General came, saw and went,
The last for us to see.
It was not long after this
Before his soul was free.

He went to see other boys
Who knew his valor best;
For he was there, leading on
When sought they final rest.
Another order came, ere long,

And not to our sorrow,
For thus it went very plain,
"Boys, you leave tomorrow!"

Tomorrow came, all so bright,
The birds sang in its train;
Flowers, grass and trees so green
Joined in the glad refrain.
Struck we camp with that delight
That ripples every heart,
When one is bound, yes, in fact
Some better, distant part.

The rank was formed, roll was called,
Here! here! went down the line;
In all those many faces
Was not one saddening sign.
First to fours, then columned right,
We made for Levy street,
There we took the cars in wait
Save not one vacant seat.

The ride we took brought us up
In front the Ferry land.
"All off! All on!" "Capen" said.
We were there, every man.
The whistle blew, pilot wheeled,
The waves began to block;
Left the Crescent city now
For the little Algier Dock.

There we took the train in wait
For the gulf—made a run,
Reached the Morgan steamer line
Just as the day was done.
Safe on board some hammocks swung,
With Blankets, woolen strong,
We tried to talk, sing or sleep,
But some how things went wrong.

The ship was tossed by the wave,
So rocked the more we rolled.
The cause was deep—could be seen
Of which our faces told.
Thus we passed a pleasant eve,
For so it was quite sure
How slight we think, much we bear
When something is in store.

Next day we hove into sight
City of gulf and bay

The Gods sent their wrath upon;
They must forgot to pray.
We landed there long enough
To do what was done.
When we a mile further gone
Our water course be run.

Again by train over land
To city—San-an-tone;
Parted there no more to meet
With some this side the throne.
The years spent with "Uncle Sam"
What did it profit me
We can not tell what was sown
Till last the reaping see.

FALL DAYS.

As the leaves now were falling
And the crows sadly calling
The farmer went to gather in his
corn.

The little brook went rippling,
A boy sat by, mere stripping,
Below, there drank the timid baby
fawn.

The cow-bells softly ringing,
The birds had ceased their singing,
The ant and bee stop working carly
morn.

The roosters, they were crowing,
And watch dogs, they were knowing,
The ducks in white wereswimming on the
pond.

Adrift, the leaves went whirling,
The cabin's smoke was curling,
The little lambs were skipping on the
lawn.

Some truant boys were hazing,
The horses gently grazing,
Slowly; an old mill grinding out the
corn.

The squirrels they were jumping,
While holding on to something,
A lesson taught by nature in her
truth.

The children homeward tripping,
To quickly tell of whipping,
The Master gave deserving little
youth.

UNCLE JOSH.

THE sun just above a western cloud
Shone out—the day was dying—
An old man sat by his cabin door
A Gentle breeze was sighing.

In this tide of eve he smoked his pipe
And thought, but in part content
On his face a smile, at times a scowl,
Thus his thoughts they came and went.

Sentinel like stood a mountain grand
O'er the woods and far off plains,
While below a brook went rippling by
The fields and his other gains.

Quick the sun then dropped, below the cloud,
Naught left, but a crimson spark
On the mount above, there like a gem,
'Twas the sun's last fading mark.

When the chill of eve came stealing on
He started then to his feet,
But himself each time he tried to raise
Fell back again, again to his seat.

Just then came along a merry boy
From the meadow, branch and field,
His youthful hand he extends to help,
Even then uncle Josh did reel.

Left to himself he tottering went
With a stick to help his way;
Like the sun that left but a mountain spark
To his life is left but a ray.

Just now he stops in an easy spot,
There beyond his cottage door;
Looks up, around, then afar, then down;
He's scanning life o'er and o'er.

Far back to regions of youth he goes
To reckon his treasured goal
It's only the best he brings to test,
Now a ransom for his soul.

Then himself, he asks, why should there be
A something to urge the soul;
Yet play the game, the all trying game
Of life when one still is old?

With heavy heart now he turns to go,
The day like his life came and went;
'Tis only with him, yes, only with him
To account for how 'twas spent.

ONLY A VIOLET.

ZEHHR rocked, be-labored
With purest crystal dew,
Below in the meadow
The sweetest violet grew.

While far above swept by
Worlds on their mission bent,
In moon light soft it stood
Drinking deep in content.

Then came the morning sun
And kissed its dripping cheek;
Now what it said and did
I leave you this to seek.

LIFE'S PROPOSITION.

HERE! into this uncertain space
Hedged about by the defects of
Our own nature, we come boldly
In to play the piece assigned by
Destiny. So well nature knows
Her turn she urges on—We, her
Ever faithful subjects, perforce
Of intuition, through all those
Unheeding years of infancy,
Till reason ends this gloom by that
Light she gently sheds for the growth
Of the better stuff, unlike
Found in men's souls. In the soft still
Night when Morpheus, perhaps, was
Disposed to unknowingly lean
Upon his staff, giving thus while
Deference claimed then by that a
Stronger God, then we came; we came.
Thus as strangers led into life
By some learned hand the sameness
Of whose blood doth differ so much
From that of a mother, who

Bends to save her child from the dregs
When all others have passed it by.
Then it was we first tried our lute,
The newest of which hangs about
The recesses of the present
To charm some memory with its
Soft soothing strains, into an ever
Present recollection of that
Most eventful time of the past.
As a mother bird seeks to lead
Her nestlings to try their wings, then
Leaving them more and more to their
Own account, the child quietly
Pushes farther and farther out
Upon the well shipped sea of life,
Where, when it awakens, will find
Itself alone to make its way
To either better shores beyond,
Or drift to something worse below.

DEATH'S DISPOSITION.

HARK! something comes now to drive
me think!

This flower so suddenly bloomed
Now must by some fate quickly fade!
Drop its withered leaves! Yea, go back
To the hand painting its design!
To me I think a death knell comes!
Swift! a message! the soul is gone!
Yes, gone! from mother's arms went! flew
As a bird from its cage leaving
As it did, death's cage behind.
It came, it went, dream-like. The bands
Of which hoped they in vain to break
That they might gladly arouse, yes!
Then to a far more pleasant sense.

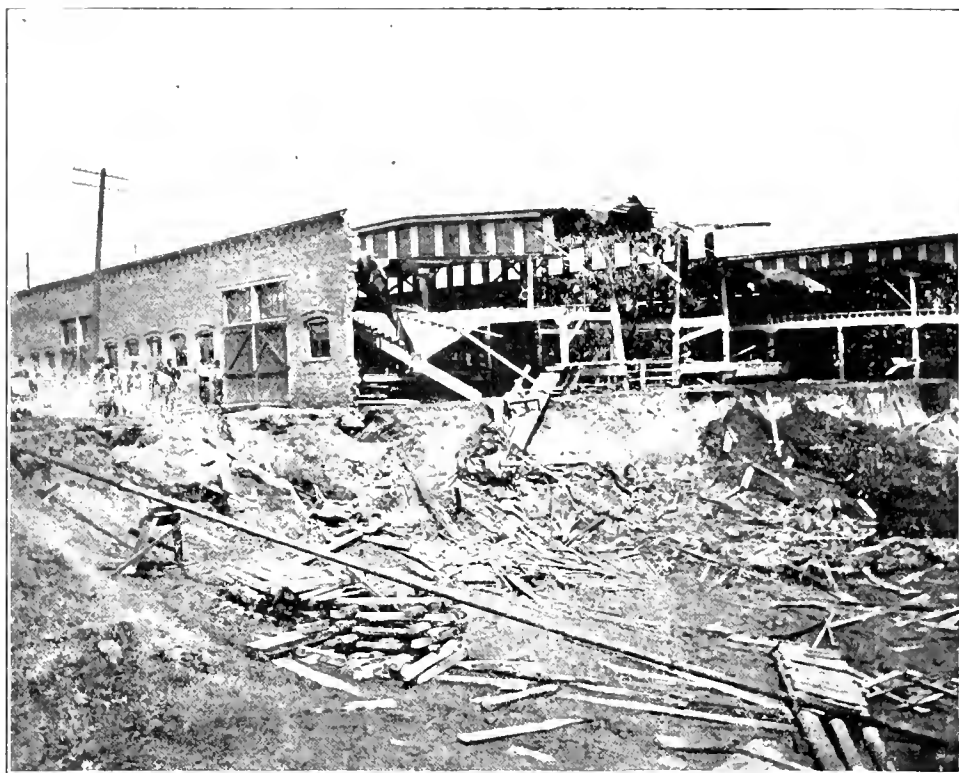
SPRING.

NOW THAT the rear guards of winter
Have ceased their sallies and withdrawn
To other climes, all nature here
Seems in a state of transition.
Swift clouds, marshalling here and there
Upon the soft blue skies, appear
Rallying to the command of
That unseen force some where without.
Quick now a flash of light is seen
To stream across their frowning forts,
Leaving just behind, within their
Gathered blackness, a sound that comes
At first as if from some distant
Victory won battle field, where,
As the vanquished foe, fast beating
A hasty retreat, now draws close
Upon us with great guns, that roll
On, the more and more. Fleeing thou—
In passing by; as if burdened
From grief of their defeat, now shed
Forth warm crystal tears that fall quick
In very uncertain showers.
Mother earth, whose half warmed anxious
Soul, thus bathed, responds now with that
Thankfulness, that laughs out in an
Awakening joy that bids the grass
Once more throw back its winter wrap;
Raise itself by stealthy growth to
Final maturity; rivers
And lake unbridge themselves into
Which the meandering brooks, there
With mirthful rippings, finally

Loose themselves to a greater part.
Now the farmer goes to his fields,
Warmed by Spring, for his reception
And with honest heart and godly
Trust, sows the seeds of many grains
With hands that have sown alike for
The rich, the poor, home and abroad,
Oft before. The song of the lark
On early wing is heard, while the
Mocking bird, fresh from warmer vales,
Sings from his brimming heart that new
Song he caught astray, during his
Dwell in lands that are winterless.
From under Southern skies come the
Soft winds fragrance laden from the
Blushing orchards blossom, where the
Wild cherry, honey suckle and
The sweet trailing arbutus, all
And more, have been embraced in its
Passage. Now the angler goes forth
To stream and lake and there cast his
Line, to anxiously wait the sure
Entrapment of some decoyed perch,
While the bare foot boy in the lane
Measures with others on his way,
As the grand army of spring
Moves on to quickly storm the forts,
Held fast, as but yesterday by
Winters icy grip; today by
Nature reclaimed to fields, vernal,
Green; spring, so in moving, thus all
Moves on and up till the line has
Been leaped that demarks from that of
The maturing light of summer.



CLOSET ON HOUSE, ARMOURDALE.



STOCK YARDS ARMOURDALE.



HOUSE CUT IN TWO BY TROLLEY POLE, 7TH, AND KAN. AVE. ARMOURDALE.

WELCOME TO OUR PRESIDENT.

Written upon the occasion of the President's visit to Topeka.

WITH that Western fervor that lives true and long,
Thou good and thou great, so brave and so strong,
To this clustered flower, the sun of the West,
As the rarest, purest, grandest and best—
We welcome you!

Our daughters and our sons like a star will glow,
More lovely, more great in deeds as they grow,
And each page that they write and leave to the past,
Try to leave better than that of the last.
We welcome you!

Our cities, our towns truly scattered and small,
Remembered in building, God above all,
While the church in its beauty stands strong and tall;
The school house around is sounding its call,
We welcome you!

Our hills and our plains that are swept by the winds
Only laugh in their nature, heap our bins,
From this bounteous store through church or through state,
No stranger in need yet sought us too late.
We welcome you!

Our farmer boy's whistle is heard through the grain,
So thankful is he for sunshine and rain
That from morn till eve comes a whistle or song,
The days may be dark, the nights may be long.
We welcome you!

Our cattle by thousands, yes, are seen in herds
In meadow, too, our sheep in flock like birds;
The barn yard song, with its familiar refrain,
From far and near is heard and heard again.
We welcome you!

Our mills, though young, sir, are beginning to go;
Ere long we shall make, so well as we grow,
The goods now we send, that comes back in disguise.
Kansas is up; she is opening her eyes
We welcome you!

The steam cars in darting at a thrifty rate
Enter city and town, through sister state,
Arousing the land with their whistle and ring;
They carry away much and much they bring.
We welcome you!

Our Kansas of the free, there is none above,
Her laws we cherish and reforms we love.
From the days of our Brown, yea, whose name shall live
To these our nation—a hatchet to give.
We welcome you!

As we love this our state, we love all our land
So true are we; this republic must stand.

Her great institutions not only must live
But cast just beyond our brotherhood give.
We welcome you!

As the rail covers our states, carry our worth,
May our ships dot oceans rounding the earth;
May they know of our thrift as well as our love,
No greater blessing we ask from above.
We welcome you!

We welcome you in valor, welcome you in growth,
In church and state, we welcome you in both.
And as Kansas now greets you, may all our land.
Thou so brave, thou so strong, truly a man;
We welcome you!

As in the course of events thy honor came
Thou hast played this much at life's cunning game
And if so well the same is skilled as before,
All praise to our eagle, still he will soar.
We welcome you!

By thy head, and thy heart, the hope of our land,
As one of the many Kansas will stand.
We're with you, yes with you, in all that is true,
As long as so waves the Red, White and Blue
We welcome you!

THE INEVITABLE.

COME it must, if come it must,
What arm can stay its force?
Might as well try push the sun
Beyond its wedded course.

Just it is, what e're it be,
'Tis nature's fashioned way,
Yet truth, obscure at this sun,
Must come to light some day.

Unseen is the hand that shifts
Each changing scene of day;
Unheard is the voice that speaks
To guide man on his way.

So like each home, our country,
As well each home the man;
There's a way for each, for all
That's better known when ran.

TIME.

Hark! hark! can you hear it? how it blows,
On, on, with a sweep, carries all as it goes.
Roll on, time, thy force for weal or woe;
Since thou must do thy task, then grow, reap
and sow.

Be strong, man, be strong. Pull hard the oar;
For it is the tiding of the age that roars.
Testings have been, so the more will be
Farther out we sail life's tempestuous sea.

SELFISHNESS.

No, it is not all of life to
strive,
And from all the earth and sky thy gain
derive.
There is something more, there's something
still,
Than being bound—a slave to a selfish
will.

TRUANT'S REFORM.

TATTERED and torn were his trousers,
Well covered with dirt his face;
The hat there on his unkept head
Was shapeless and out of place.

His little toes were protruding
From shoes so very much worn;
His coat was now thin, all faded
And buttons seemed quite unknown.

Jim is my name, in answer said
To words that questioned this fact;
With downcast eyes, he hung his head
And then partly turned his back.

Well Jim, my lad, how happened this?
Now tell me just what is right.
"Strayed out from school sir!" mother said,
'And would not come home at night!'

Then tears coursed down his little cheeks,
Why, his looks did sure deceive.
The way he choked at these last words,
Told his little heart did grieve.

Hold up your head, my little boy,
And make me a solemn vow
To mend your ways; yes, every one.
And you must commence it now.

There was a pause, a silence fell,
And in which the die was cast.
Then looking 'round and up again,
His courage was gaining fast.

Then quick I grasped his little hand
And said, don't cry, Jim, be brave!
To this he said, "I'll try, mister,
Tell mama I will behave!"

Yes, Jim, I will, so throw aside
The cause that has brought you shame;
Since, he has tried I have helped,
So Jim is not now the same.

REMEMBER.

'Tis the little thoughts still silent—
In the soul—the same remain.
But the smallest promise broken
Is never the same again.

'Tis the little deed of evil,
Now to-day, may seem so small.
If you give it food, tomorrow
Will find it grown strong and tall.

AN AWAKING.

When day is beginning to bend
Because of its growing age,
And twilight with a radiant smile
Comes in at this weary stage;
Then it is we falter and bend
Beneath the great weight of life,
So lightly prize our earthly goods
We've gained in our battle's strife.

IN MEMORIAM.

Just another,
Just another little mound
Is raised in silent spot;
Just another song is sung,
Thus tuned to a broken heart.
Just another prayer is sent
To the realms of sacred bliss;
Just another tear is shed,
As a lifeless cheek is kissed.
Just another parting glance
At the link that broke the chain;
Just another scar is made
By death's destroying pain.
Just another grave, one day,
Must some where be dug as deep;
Just another, another
Like this one, now too, must sleep.
Just another, another
By all time's swift passing breeze
Must fall, fall, yes, quickly fall,
Like leaves from the autumn trees.
Oh life! life! uncertain life,
Why dost all thy flowers grow
So beautiful and so grand
All in a day, then no more?

NATURE.

I stood on a bridge one evening,
Gazed far up a winding stream;
'Twas about that time when nature
Awakes from her busy dream.

While thinking, looking and listening,
A Breeze from the fields stole by
There below the water rippled,
A little fish sported high.

Beyond the woods by the river,
Hard by came a rumbling sound;
Up went a smoke, she whistled;
On a curve she swung around.

While children with glee were romping
Across, long the river bank,
The sun over a rift gently
Looked off, around and then sank.

The cows were calling in distance
The maid to hurry the pail.
Just above then passed a sparrow,
As if on some other's trail.

The pigs in a sty were squealing,
Close by went tripping a runt.
Perchance that is corn, the feeder
Has there, standing in front!

The quack of a duck 'cross yonder
At the house upon the hill
'Bout the last now to be silenced
Giving his duckship a fill.

Twilight fast falling was fading,
Mantle of another drawn
The moon came up led in the race
Of the night so newly born.

Then turned me 'way from this picture
That impressed both soul and mind.
Gave thanks to God of creation
For planning so great design.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

It is not the death, but life;
'Tis this we should truly care.
If our sewing has been good,
The reaping we need not fear.

A Loving Response to the Cry for Help.

The Divine in human nature has never yet failed to manifest itself in the marvelous depths of love, the fullness of sympathy and the desire to aid, whenever the hand of affliction has rested heavily upon the people. No better illustration of this thought has ever been recorded in history than this one which is given to us in the speedy giving of relief by the friends and neighbors at home and the "stranger beyond our gates" as the electric current carried around the world the cry of the flood beleaguered thousands for succor. It is idle to write of heroes in that hour when 200 miles by from one to five miles in width of the loveliest and most fruitful valleys in the world was swept by a raging torrent of water from three to fifteen feet deep, up-rooting trees, wrecking houses, hurling them from their foundations and carrying them down the stream as if they were bubbles, engulfing horses and cattle and human beings and plowing huge caverns in the soil. All were heroes, both those who went to watery graves and those who survived. With them as with the soldiers upon the battle field, heroism belongs not alone to the living. To write of one who bravely faced the terrors of the angry deep is to write of all. Nor can we single out the hardships of a certain

few and parade them before the public as calling for special sympathy and relief; all suffered; all are entitled to sympathy and the full measure of relief. When the historian enters the field of specialties to write the story of the greatest flood that ever swept the valley of the Kaw he dims his vision and presents to the reader a part of the awful scene for the horrors of the whole.

In the foregoing pages we have taken the reader to the sources of the great deluge and we have presented him, not only with the scenes of the waters themselves, but of the awful wreckage and ruin they have wrought, taking the principal points from Salina to the mouth of the Kaw. John S. Rhodes, our special artist, photographed the Topeka and Kansas City scenes. These results speak louder than words. Think of human life amid such awful wreckage? Think of the condition of men, women and children who survived that awful wreckage? It was not the high waters, nor the rushing tide, nor yet the pathetic and heart-rending cries for help during those awful hours of agony while on house top or in tree or battling for life in the angry waters that touched the hearts of the thousands and prompted them to give, but it was the conditions that met and

hedged about the survivors of the flood.

To meet these conditions the God in man revealed itself. The hungry were fed; the naked clothed; the homeless were given shelter; the sick were administered unto. Those who were not in the track of the rushing waters opened their doors to those who were. To give them the necessities of life money was freely given. Churches were opened for shelter. Public buildings became residences and hospitals for the homeless and needy. Physicians gave their services to the sick. All was done, and is being done, that loving hearts could do. In Topeka the Salvation Army was among the first to engage in the work of relief. Their barracks were turned into a hospital. The churches promptly took up the work of "ministering angels." Fraternal societies vied with each other in giving relief. Women's clubs engaged in the work of supplying clothing. The teachers' Association contributed to the fund of relief. The Commercial Club was exceedingly active in gathering the supplies and money necessary to relief. The city authorities promptly opened the auditorium to the use of the flood sufferers. Hundreds made their homes there for days and until the government supplies them with tents. The old court house was thrown open to the use of the homeless. In three days the citizens of Topeka raised \$20,000 for a relief fund and this amount has been increased to \$64,612.59. Other cities have been as generous in caring for their sufferers.

From the Governor's fund, which is for the benefit of the entire flooded district, there has been disbursed up to the 26th of June \$32,235, and this among 5,842 families, making an

average of less than \$6 per family. Since that time the committee, of which Major Sims is secretary, has ordered a further disbursement of \$7,200. This general relief fund is steadily growing, and there is much need of it, for it will require many thousands of dollars yet to meet the imperative wants of those rendered homeless, propertyless and penniless by the flood.

Aside from the generous efforts of local and general committees every agency that could give relief has been actively at work since the Black Friday in Kansas history. Many thousand men, women and children have been fed, clothed and sheltered and supplied with bedding and furniture to start again in life here in Topeka by the charitable agencies which believe in the application of the Golden Rule. What is true of Topeka in this respect is equally true of every other afflicted locality in the state.

Relief from the outside world has been prompt and exceedingly generous. The State legislature was summoned to meet in special session in the interest of the flood sufferers and in response it passed some enabling bills so that the various counties in the track of the flood could rebuild their bridges. This legislature voted a resolution of sympathy to those who suffered from the flood and to themselves an appropriation of \$12,000, then went home—"passing by on the other side."

For many months yet many of the flood victims will need aid; kind and loving hearts must give. The work of rebuilding the waste places is being pushed with vigor, but it will take years in many places to get the farms, the homes and the comforts of life as they were before the awful down-pour of waters in the month of May 1903.

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